

# ACTION

PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 8 One Shilling



**THE GOLD-SEEKERS  
FIND TROUBLE—  
BIG TROUBLE!**

# TERROR OF THE DEEP

The background of the poster is a dark, murky green, suggesting an underwater scene. On the right, a large, skeletal figure of a pirate wearing a purple hat and a striped shirt looms over the scene. In the center, a man in a red shirt and black vest is being attacked by a scuba diver. Another scuba diver is visible on the left. The overall tone is horror and action.

# MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

**T**HE BATTLE OF NORMANDY was in full swing and on 7th-8th August, 1944, men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment had established a bridgehead over the River Orne. The enemy repeatedly counter-attacked with the support of heavy tanks, knocking out two of the three tanks supporting our infantry and killing all the officers except one—Captain David Jamieson. Captain Jamieson had been in the first tank to receive a



direct hit and, although wounded in the head and left arm, he climbed on to the only remaining tank, successfully directing its fire at the enemy. For 36 hours Jamieson led his men in bitter and close fighting, repulsing seven German counter-attacks and causing severe losses to the enemy. For his leadership and great personal bravery Captain Jamieson was awarded the Victoria Cross.

# TERROR OF THE DEEP



CAL McNEE HAD OFTEN DICED WITH DEATH IN HIS HUNT FOR THE BIG GAME IN THE GREEN DEPTHS OF THE CARIBBEAN. BUT EVEN HE WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE HORRIFYING, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE NIGHTMARE THAT ONE DAY ROSE FROM THE DARK, UNCHARTED FATHOMS.

BORN IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL McNEE HAD LIVED MOST OF HIS THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES.



BY HIRING HIMSELF AND HIS BOAT "SHARK" TO RICH BUSINESSMEN ON HOLIDAY, CAL HAD MANAGED TO KEEP HIMSELF OUT OF DEBT. BUT IT WAS NO EASY WAY TO MAKE A LIVING...



BUT NO SHARK WAS CAUGHT UNTIL IT WAS DEAD.

STAND  
CLEAR, SMUDGE  
- STAND  
CLEAR!

I ONLY  
TRY TO HELP,  
MISTER  
CAL!

PEDRO CARMELO MARTINEZ SMITH, "SMUDGE" FOR SHORT, HAD BEEN MORE OR LESS ADOPTED BY THE BIG AMERICAN AFTER HIS PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED IN A FISHING ACCIDENT.

YOU GET  
THAT LINE  
ROUND YOUR  
NECK, SMUDGE -  
THE ONLY ONE  
YOU'LL BE HELPING  
WILL BE THE  
SHARK!



SHARK FISHING WAS A JOB FOR MEN....



THE STEEL POINT OF THE GAFF KILLED THE SIX-FOOT CREATURE INSTANTLY. BAKER PUSHED CAL ASIDE IN HIS EXCITEMENT TO LAND HIS CATCH...



INWARDLY, CAL DESPISED MEN LIKE MORGAN BAKER, FOR WHOM MONEY WAS POWER.



SMUDGE SPRANG TO CATCH THE SILVER COIN BAKER HAD TOSSED – AND ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED THE EXPENSIVE CAMERA OVERBOARD.



THE ENRAGED BAKER RAISED A CLENCHED FIST – BUT BEFORE HE COULD STRIKE THE COWERING BOY...



YOU—YOU TWO-BIT BEACHCOMBER! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE DOUGH GUYS LIKE ME BRING TO YOUR NO-ACCOUNT ISLAND, YOU'D STARVE! TAKE YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME!



ONLY SMUDGE PREVENTED CAL FROM HITTING OUT AT THE ANGRY BUSINESSMAN THEN...

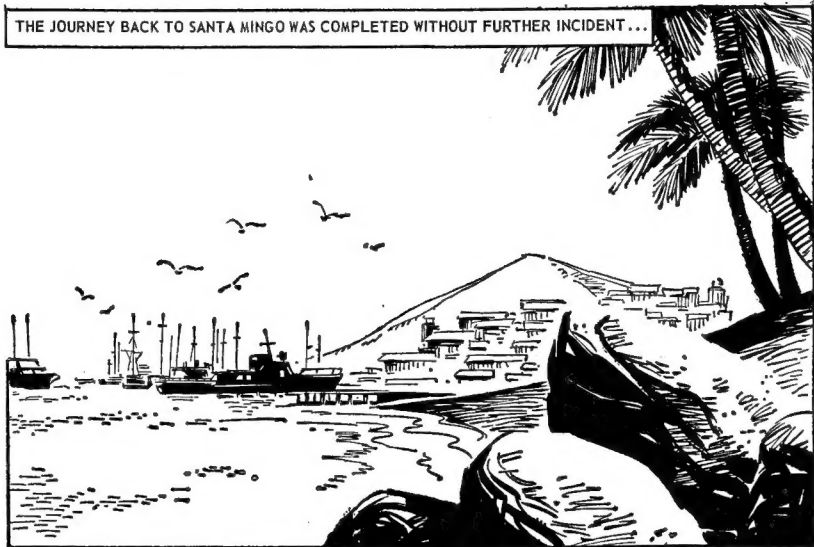


THE YOUNG ISLANDER MANAGED TO CALM DOWN THE TENSE SITUATION WITH AN INFECTIOUS SMILE...





THE JOURNEY BACK TO SANTA MINGO WAS COMPLETED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT ...



EXPERTLY, CAL MANOEUVRED THE "SHARK" BETWEEN THE ROWS OF MOORED YACHTS AND TIED UP ALONGSIDE THE JETTY ...





CAMPBELL "JOCK" FERGUSON LOOKED AFTER CAL AND SMUDGE, COOKED THEIR FOOD, KEPT THE "SHARK" SEAWORTHY... WHEN HE WAS NOT DETAINED IN THE LOCAL GAOL...



IT WAS THREE YEARS SINCE CAL PICKED JOCK FERGUSON FROM THE GUTTER AND MADE HIM FEEL A MAN AGAIN ...

GIVE ME A BREAK, INSPECTOR! CAL'S THREATENED TO KEEL-HAUL ME IF I LANDED IN ANY MORE TROUBLE!

YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLE EVER SINCE HE FOUND YOU ON THE BEACH, JOCK! BUT PERHAPS THIS ONCE I CAN BEND THE RULES A LITTLE - PROVIDING CAL CAN PAY ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE MIRROR YOU SMASHED!

MOMENTS LATER ...

I WONDER WHY WE THOUGHT WE'D FIND YOU HERE, JOCK?

OCH! IT WASNA MY FAULT! SOME OF THE BOYS STARTED TO INSULT THE FAIR NAME O' SCOTLAND. WHAT C'D I DO - I ASK YOU ...

JOCK WAS A LIKEABLE ROGUE AND INSPECTOR RAWLINGS WAS A FAIR MAN ...

HE TOOK ON SIX O' THEM - AND UNFORTUNATELY, THE MIRROR GOT IN THE WAY WHEN HE THREW ONE OF THEM OVER THE BAR.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS! I GUESS THE NEW FISHING EQUIPMENT FOR "SHARK" WILL HAVE TO WAIT A FEW WEEKS! THANKS, INSPECTOR!

THE WALK BACK TO CAL'S SHACK WAS COMPLETED IN SILENCE.



A TAXI WAS MOVING AWAY AS THEY APPROACHED...



PROFESSOR WILLIAM CONNORS, OF THE MARINE UNIVERSITY, FLORIDA, WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST SEA-LIFE EXPERTS...

JOCK, ALL IS FORGIVEN IF YOU CAN RUSTLE US UP SOME CHOW INSIDE TEN MINUTES!

DINNER FOR FOUR COMING UP, LADDIE!

OVER A HASTILY PREPARED, YET APPETISING MEAL, BILL CONNORS EXPLAINED THE PURPOSE OF HIS VISIT...

A YOUNG HAMMERHEAD SHARK - ALIVE! THAT'S WHAT I WANT, CAL.

THAT'S A MIGHTY TOUGH ORDER TO FILL, BILL! THOSE HAMMERHEADS CAN PLAY PLENTY ROUGH!

WE'VE NEVER MANAGED TO KEEP AN ADULT HAMMERHEAD ALIVE IN CAPTIVITY, SO I'M HOPING TO CATCH A YOUNG ONE AND REAR IT IN A SPECIALLY BUILT TANK. I REALISE IT IS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF THE SHARK FAMILY, BUT IF ANYONE CAN DO IT YOU CAN!



THE PRICE BILL WAS WILLING TO PAY DECIDED CAL MCNEE...



A THOUSAND DOLLARS! HECK! THAT WILL KEEP ME AND THE BOAT GOING FOR MONTHS - AND WITH ENOUGH LEFT OVER TO PAY ANY BILLS JOCK RUNS UP.

TWO DAYS LATER, CAL TOOK THE "SHARK". OUT OF THE SANTA MINGO HARBOUR, WITH BILL CONNORS AS A PASSENGER.



HEY, LOOK AT THAT BEAUTY OVER THERE! WHO'S SHE BELONG TO, CAL?

A WEALTHY AUSTRIAN, NAME OF RICHLINDER - A KIND OF RICH RECLUSE. LIVES IN A VILLA OVERLOOKING THE BAY, GUARDED BY A SMALL ARMY OF MEN.

HE IS EVIL MAN, MISTER CAL! HIS MEN BEAT-UP SOME OF MY PEOPLE BECAUSE THEY WALKED TOO NEAR HIS VILLA!



AS SOON AS THEY CLEARED THE YACHTS AT ANCHOR IN THE SHELTERED HARBOUR, CAL EASED THE THROTTLES TO AN ECONOMICAL CRUISING SPEED.



LINES  
ALL SECURE,  
SMUDGE?

ALL  
TIED DOWN,  
MISTER  
CAL!

CAL PLOTTED A COURSE FOR AN AREA OF VERY DEEP WATER, TWENTY MILES OUT FROM SANTA MINGO. IT WAS AN AREA OF THE CARIBBEAN HE KNEW THE NATIVES DECLARED "TABOO"...



WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN—  
TABOO, CAL?  
WHAT'S TABOO  
ABOUT A DEEP  
WATER CORAL  
REEF?

YOU'D  
BETTER ASK  
YOUNG SMUDGE  
HERE!

THE YOUNGSTER'S FACE WAS SET AND SERIOUS AS HE REPLIED...

MY PEOPLE TELL OF A GIANT MONSTER  
THAT LEAPS FROM THE SEA AND KILLS  
ALL WHO DARE INVADE HIS LAND!



CAL LAUGHED TEASINGLY AT THE YOUNG ISLANDER...

I RECKON ALL THIS TALK ABOUT A SEA MONSTER HAS BEEN PUT ABOUT BY PEOPLE FROM OTHER ISLANDS, WHO WANT TO KEEP INTRUDERS AWAY FROM WHAT IS IN FACT A VERY RICH FISHING GROUND!

PLEASE, MISTER CAL! THE SEA-GOD WILL BE ANGRY! WE LOOK FOR THE HAMMERHEAD SOMEWHERE ELSE - YES?

HAMMERS LIKE DEEP WATER, YOUNG 'UN. THIS CERTAINLY SEEMS THE MOST LIKELY SPOT FOR US TO LOOK.

TWO DAYS LATER, CAL ANCHORED THE "SHARK" OFF THE CORAL REEF AND PUT ON HIS UNDERWATER GEAR.

AS WITH ALL SPECIES OF SHARK, HAMMERHEADS ARE PRIMARILY FISH-EATERS, BUT THEY ARE UNPREDICTABLE. THEY MIGHT ATTACK ANYTHING IN THE WATER THEY CONSIDER FOOD!

I'VE GOT A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR SHARKS, BARRACUDAS AND THE REST, BILL - DON'T WORRY!

AFTER CAREFULLY CHECKING HIS EQUIPMENT, CAL SLID INTO THE WARM SEA...



IT WAS A CURIOUS SILENT WORLD BENEATH THE CARIBBEAN - ONE THAT NEVER FAILED TO EXCITE CAL'S SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE...

I'VE NEVER HUNTED IN THIS PART BEFORE, BUT, JUDGING BY THE CURRENTS IT COULD BE TRICKY!



FOR THREE DAYS, HE SEARCHED THE AREA -- WITHOUT A SIGHT OF A HAMMERHEAD SHARK. THEN, LATE ON THE THIRD DAY...



CAL SWAM DOWN INTO THE COLD WATER, UNTIL THE PRESSURE WAS ALMOST UNBEARABLE ON HIS EAR-DRUMS...



HE BEGAN TO DRIFT UPWARDS, NUMBED NOW BY THE COLD -- AND DID NOT NOTICE THE SINISTER SHAPE THAT GLIDED SILENTLY TOWARDS HIM...

TEN MINUTES  
AIR LEFT! I  
MUST TELL BILL  
ABOUT THAT CHASM,  
IT  
COULD CONTAIN ANY  
AMOUNT OF RARE  
SPECIMENS...

THE HUGE HAMMERHEAD, FIFTEEN FEET IN LENGTH, AND WEIGHING ALMOST 1,500 POUNDS, CAME IN LIKE A TORPEDO...

GRIEF!  
I HAVEN'T  
FOUND A  
HAMMERHEAD -  
HE'S FOUND  
ME!

SOMEHOW, CAL EVADED THAT FIRST WILD CHARGE BUT THE SKIN OF THE GIANT FISH, ROUGHER THAN ANY SANDPAPER, RASPED ALONG HIS LEG.



CAL DIVED FOR THE DEPTHS AS THE HAMMERHEAD TURNED AND CAME AFTER HIM...





SUDDENLY, AS IF IN ANSWER TO HIS DESPERATE PRAYER, CAL SPOTTED A WEED ENCRUSTED SHAPE ON A ROCKY LEDGE...



THE SHARK WAS CLOSE NOW — AND CAL WAS FORCED TO TWIST LIKE AN EEL TO AVOID ITS WILD RUSH...



IT WAS A BRIEF RESPITE — AND CAL KNEW IT!



CAL SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER, WITH A WHOOSH OF AIR THE LONG STEEL BLADE STREAKED TOWARDS ITS TARGET...



ABOVE IN THE BOAT, SMUDGE AND BILL CONNORS SAW THE GREAT CREATURE BREAK THE SURFACE...



AS THE HAMMERHEAD DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE WAVES AGAIN, BILL HASTILY STRAPPED ON AN OXYGEN CYLINDER.

PLEASE  
HURRY, MISTER  
BILL! I AM  
AFRAID...

IF ANY-  
THING'S HAPPENED  
TO CAL, I'LL  
NEVER FORGIVE  
MYSELF!



AND THEN A VOICE FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE BOAT MADE THEM TURN IN AMAZEMENT...

DON'T,  
JUST STAND  
THERE, YOU TWO!  
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD,  
GIVE ME A  
HAND!

CAL!  
IT'S CAL!

MISTER  
CAL! HE IS  
ALIVE!



WHAT THE...?

YOU  
DON'T  
THINK I'D  
LET A LITTLE  
THING LIKE A  
FIFTEEN-FOOT  
HAMMERHEAD STOP  
ME, DO YOU,  
BILL? HERE -  
CATCH  
HOLD!



CAL WHIPPED HIS HAND OUT OF THE WATER. HE HAD A YOUNG HAMMERHEAD, TWO FOOT LONG, FIRMLY GRIPPED BY THE TAIL...



THE WILDLY THRASHING YOUNG SHARK WAS QUICKLY PUT INTO THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TANK, WHILE SMUDGE EAGERLY HELPED CAL ABOARD...



CAL TOLD THEM ABOUT THE FIGHT AND THE SUNKEN WRECK...



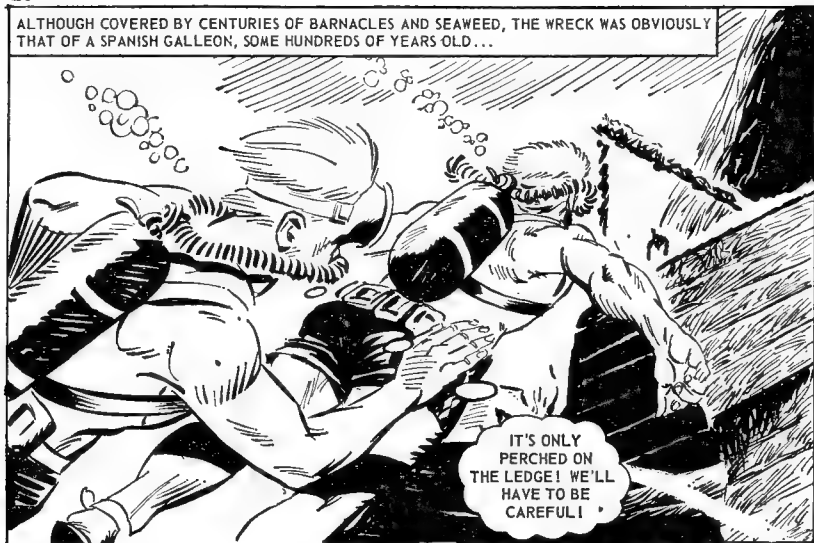
CAL SLEPT SOUNDLY THAT NIGHT. BUT EARLY NEXT DAY, HE WAS READY TO GO BELOW AGAIN...



IGNORING SMUDGE'S PLEAS TO RETURN TO SANTA MINGO, CAL AND BILL CONNORS SWAM DOWN TO THE DEEP WATER REGION AND THE CORAL-REEF WHERE THE WRECK LAY...



ALTHOUGH COVERED BY CENTURIES OF BARNACLES AND SEAWEED, THE WRECK WAS OBVIOUSLY THAT OF A SPANISH GALLEON, SOME HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD...

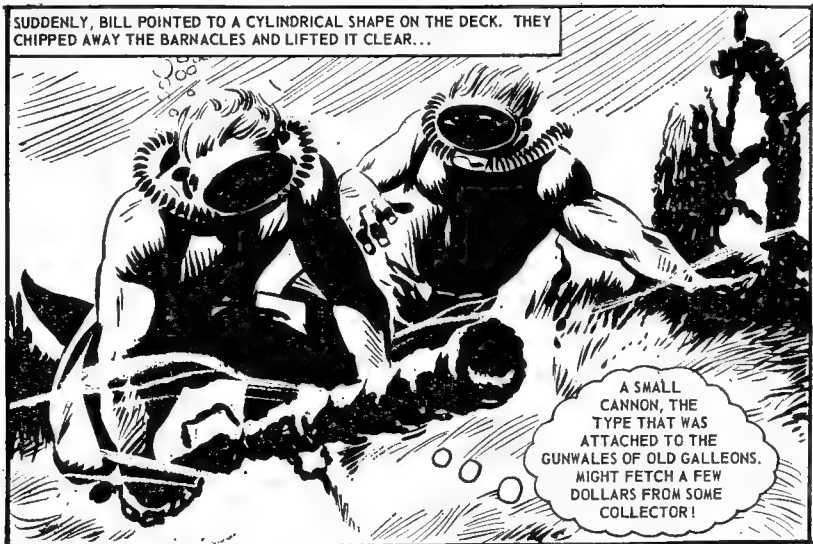


THEY SLID FORWARD TO EXPLORE THE DECK, LIT EERILY BY A FAINT SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT FROM WAY ABOVE.





SUDDENLY, BILL POINTED TO A CYLINDRICAL SHAPE ON THE DECK. THEY CHIPPED AWAY THE BARNACLES AND LIFTED IT CLEAR...



A SMALL CANNON, THE TYPE THAT WAS ATTACHED TO THE GUNWALES OF OLD GALLEONS. MIGHT FETCH A FEW DOLLARS FROM SOME COLLECTOR!

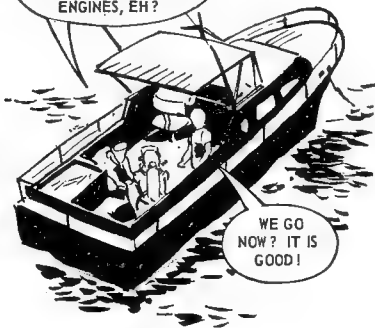
ABOVE, SMUDGE WAITED ANXIOUSLY FOR HE DID NOT SHARE THE WHITE MAN'S CONTEMPT FOR NATIVE SUPERSTITION.



PERHAPS NOW WE CAN GO HOME! I DO NOT LIKE IT HERE! THERE IS GREAT DANGER!

BILL AND CAL LIFTED THE OBJECT INTO THE BOAT...

NOTHING DOWN THERE TO WORRY ABOUT, SMUDGE! ANYHOW, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TAKE HOME, SO HOW ABOUT STARTING THEM ENGINES, EH?



WE GO NOW? IT IS GOOD!

AS THEY HEADED BACK TO SANTA MINGO, CAL AND BILL CONNORS PAINSTAKINGLY CLEANED THE CANNON. AT LAST A NAME BECAME READABLE....

THE 'SAN CRISTOBEL'  
MAYBE THEY'VE  
GOT SOME RECORD OF  
IT ON THE ISLAND.  
BE INTERESTING  
TO FIND OUT,  
BILL!

YES, BUT  
I'M AFRAID  
I CAN'T WAIT  
AROUND WHILE YOU  
GO SEARCHING. I'VE  
GOT TO GET OUR  
SPECIMEN BACK TO THE  
MARINE UNIVERSITY  
AS SOON AS  
POSSIBLE!

TWO DAYS LATER, BILL CONNORS LEFT THE TINY AIRSTRIP ON SANTA MINGO TO RETURN TO FLORIDA...

WHAT  
DO WE DO  
NOW, MISTER  
CAL?

HEAD FOR  
THE RECORDS  
OFFICE OF GOVERNMENT  
HOUSE. SEE IF WE CAN  
FIND ANY REFERENCE  
TO THAT GALLEON!

THE CLERK AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE WAS ONLY TOO PLEASED TO RELIEVE THE BOREDOM BY HELPING CAL WADE THROUGH THE DOZENS OF ANCIENT RECORDS...



THE 'SAN CRISTOBEL' LEFT SANTA MINGO ON MARCH TENTH, FIFTEEN-EIGHTY-SEVEN, BOUND FOR CADIZ! SHE WAS CARRYING GOLD! JOCK, SMUDGE! I'VE FOUND THE WRECK OF A SPANISH TREASURE SHIP!



THE CIVIL SERVANT INTERVENED...

NO, SIR! LOOK HERE! IT SAYS THAT SEVERAL SURVIVORS WERE FOUND. THEY REPORTED THE 'SAN CRISTOBEL' FLOUNDERED AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY A GIGANTIC SEA-MONSTER IN A STORM. DOCTORS THOUGHT THE UNFORTUNATE SAILORS HAD GONE OFF THEIR HEADS WITH EXPOSURE AND NO-ONE BELIEVED THEM. BUT THE SEA-GOD LEGEND STILL EXISTS AROUND THESE PARTS!

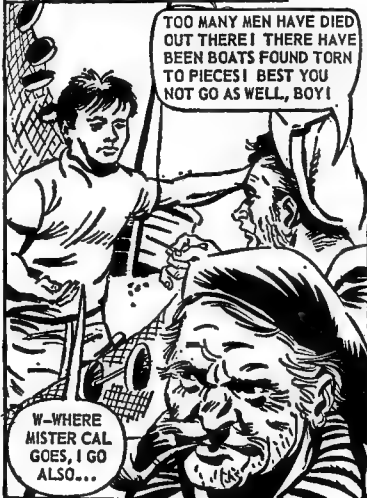


BUT FROM THE DETERMINED LOOK IN CAL'S EYES, IT WAS CLEAR NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM RETURNING TO THE WRECK.

THERE MAY STILL BE A FORTUNE IN THAT SHIP! SMUDGE, I'LL NEED YOUR HELP TO RAISE A SMALL CREW. ASK SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS! I'LL BUY SOME EQUIPMENT WITH THE MONEY I GOT FROM BILL. JOCK, I'LL NEED YOU ALONG ON THIS TRIP!



AGAINST HIS WILL, SMUDGE TRIED TO PERSUADE SOME OF THE ISLANDERS TO CREW THE "SHARK"...



SMUDGE RETURNED TO THE "SHARK" TO REPORT FAILURE AND TO REAFFIRM HIS OWN FEARS.



EARLY NEXT MORNING, AS THEY WERE STOWING AWAY THE SPECIAL UNDERWATER GEAR AND PROVISIONS CAL HAD BROUGHT, A STRANGER STROLLED TOWARDS THE "SHARK".



CAL TOOK AN INSTANT DISLIKE TO THE TALL, HEAVILY-BUILT STRANGER...



CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF CAL'S JUDGMENT...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, AFTER A DRIVE THROUGH THE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE BAY, THEY ARRIVED AT THE GATE OF THE RICHLINDER VILLA...



AS CAL WAS SHOWN INTO A LARGE STUDY, HE COULD NOT FAIL TO NOTICE THAT ALMOST EVERYTHING IN THE VILLA WAS MADE OF GOLD...





AND THEN HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH KURT RICHLINDER...

McNEE, YOU HAVE DISCOVERED THE WRECK OF A SPANISH TREASURE SHIP, THAT COULD HAVE MUCH GOLD IN ITS HOLD! WE SHALL BE PARTNERS IN THIS VENTURE. IT WILL REQUIRE MEN TO LIFT ANY TREASURE, SPECIAL EQUIPMENT - I HAVE THEM!

SORRY!  
I'VE ALREADY  
GOT ALL THE  
PARTNERS I NEED. BUT  
HOW THE HECK  
DID YOU FIND  
OUT?

I HAVE  
MANY SOURCES  
OF INFORMATION.  
I ADVISE YOU TO  
THINK AGAIN,  
McNEE!

NO DICE,  
RICHLINDER!  
YOU'VE GOT ALL THE  
GOLD YOU NEED  
RIGHT HERE.

CAL TURNED WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD AND STRODE OUT OF THE VILLA, BRUSHING ASIDE THE TWO MEN AT THE GATE...

HALT!  
HERR RICHLINDER  
HAS TELEPHONED  
US. HE HAS  
NOT FINISHED  
WITH YOU, HE  
WANTS...

WHAT HE  
WANTS AND  
WHAT HE'S GOING  
TO GET ARE TWO  
DIFFERENT  
THINGS!

CAL REACHED THE "SHARK"...

CAST OFF,  
SMUDGE! JOCK,  
START HER UP! WE'RE  
GOING TREASURE  
HUNTING!

HOLD IT, MY  
IMPETUOUS LADDIE!  
THE HARBOUR CONTROL  
HANDED ME A WEATHER  
REPORT THIS  
MORNING, AND IT'S NOT  
GOOD! WE'D BETTER WAIT  
A DAY OR TWO!

WE'VE  
BEEN THROUGH  
STORMS BEFORE.  
THE "SHARK" IS  
BUILT FOR HEAVY  
WEATHER! GET  
GOING!

AS THE "SHARK" HEADED SEAWARDS, COLD GREY EYES WATCHED IT GO...

THE INSOLENT  
FOOL! HE  
SHALL NOT HAVE  
THE GOLD! CRIPNER,  
WARN THE CREW  
OF THE "MIDAS"  
TO MAKE READY  
TO WEIGH-  
ANCHOR!

ON BOARD THE "SHARK"...

WHY THE ALL-FIRED HURRY, CAL? WHAT DID RICHLINDER SAY TO GET YOU ALL HEATED THIS WAY?

THE MAN'S INSANE WITH GREED AND POWER, JOCK! HE THINKS HE CAN BUY ANY MAN WITH HIS WEALTH, BUT HE'S GOING TO LEARN CAL MCNEE AIN'T FOR SALE!



IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER DAWN THAT THE SKY SUDDENLY DARKENED AND THE WIND ROSE TO GALE-FORCE...



JOCK! TELL SMUDGE TO STAY BELOW - THEN COME AND HELP ME WITH THE WHEEL. SHE'S BUCKING LIKE A DARNED BRONCO!

THE "SHARK" WAS HURLED ABOUT THE SEA LIKE A CHILD'S PLASTIC BOAT.



WE - WE MUST TURN HER INTO THE WIND, JOCK...

YOU CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU, CAL!


SLOWLY, - SO SLOWLY, "SHARK" TURNED HER SLIM BOWS INTO THE FULL FURY OF THE WIND AND THE TWENTY FOOT WAVES...

HOLD HER,  
JOCK - HOLD  
HER LIKE  
THAT!




THEN A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS IF AT SOME SILENT COMMAND, THE MOUNTAINOUS SEAS WERE CALM, THE WIND STILL. THERE WAS AN EERIE SILENCE.

WHAT THE  
BLAZES! I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...



BUT I  
DO, SON!  
WE'RE IN BIG  
TROUBLE  
IF I'M  
RIGHT!



IT WAS SMUDGE WHO SAW IT FIRST. A MIGHTY COLUMN OF WATER THAT STRETCHED INTO THE SKY. A VORTEX CONNECTING SEA AND CLOUD, A TERRIFYING WHIRLWIND OVER THE WATER...

BY THE  
STARS!  
FULL REVS!  
HARD TO  
STARBOARD!  
WE'VE GOT  
TO GET OUT  
OF ITS  
WAY!

FOR FIVE DESPERATE MINUTES THEY HOVERED ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER - AND THEN DEATH PASSED THEM BY...



BY GOLLY!  
THAT WAS A  
MIGHTY CLOSE  
THING!

LOSH!  
IF IT EVER  
GETS CLOSER  
THAN THAT,  
LADDIE, NOT EVEN  
PRAYERS'LL SAVE  
YE!

AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD BEGUN,  
THE STORM ABATED. THE  
HOT SUN BEAT DOWN AGAIN...



THREE  
MILES DUE  
EAST AND WE  
SHOULD BE  
DIRECTLY ABOVE  
THE WRECK,  
JOCK!

CAL HAD ALREADY PUT ON HIS DIVING  
GEAR WHEN THEY REACHED THE  
LOCATION OF THE "SAN CRISTOBEL",  
DESPITE SMUDGE'S ANXIOUS PLEADINGS.



FIRST  
THING WE'LL  
DO WHEN I'VE  
FOUND THE  
WRECK IS  
PLANT THE  
BUOYS.

IT IS  
STILL NOT  
TOO LATE,  
MISTER CAL!  
THE STORM - IT COULD  
HAVE BEEN  
A WARNING  
TO TURN  
BACK!

NO, SON!  
THE STORM WAS  
ONLY MOTHER NATURE  
PLAYING HER TRICKS!  
FORGET THIS NONSENSE  
ABOUT THE SEA-GOD OR  
WHATEVER YE  
CALL IT.

CAL GAVE THE NATIVE BOY A REASSURING PAT AND PLACED THE UNDERWATER SCOOTER OVER THE SIDE. THEN HE JUMPED IN AFTER IT...

LISTEN, YOUNG 'UNI YE DON'T THINK HE'S DOING ALL THIS JUST TO MAKE HIMSELF A MILLIONAIRE, DO YE? IF THERE IS GOLD DOWN THERE, IT'LL BE THE HOSPITALS, 'AND THE KIDS BACK ON SANTA MINGO WHO'LL BENEFIT. CAL'S GOT A HEART BIGGER THAN HIS FISTS!

I KNOW IT, MISTER JOCK - BUT...

CAL FOUND THE WRECK EASILY ENOUGH, BUT HE ALSO SAW SOMETHING THAT WOULD MAKE ENTRY INTO THE ROTTING TIMBERS A HIGHLY DANGEROUS OPERATION...

IT'S SHIFTED IN THAT STORM! THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT COULD SEND IT PLUNGING OVER THE LEDGE INTO THE CREVASSE - PERHAPS WITH ME INSIDE!

CAL QUICKLY SWAM BACK TO THE SURFACE...



SMUDGE WAS STILL VISIBLY AFRAID, BUT HIS AFFECTION FOR CAL WAS GREATER THAN HIS FEAR...





THEIR LIFE-LINES ATTACHED TO THEIR BELTS, CAL AND JOCK SWAM DOWN TO THE WRECK. CAUTIOUSLY, THEY SLIPPED THROUGH A LARGE HOLE AT THE REAR OF THE OLD GALLEON...

THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN WOULD HAVE BEEN SOMEWHERE HERE! SOMETIMES THE MASTERS OF THE GALLEONS HAD THE GOLD STOWED CLOSE TO THEIR QUARTERS TO STOP THE CREW THINKING ABOUT LOOTING IT!



PUSHING THEIR WAY THROUGH CENTURIES OF UNDERWATER GROWTH, CAL AND JOCK ENTERED WHAT WAS ONCE THE LIVING QUARTERS FOR THE CAPTAIN OF THE ONCE PROUD GALLEON.



THE DOOR'S RUSTY HINGES DISINTEGRATED AT CAL'S TOUCH...



ANOTHER  
DOOR! WELL-BARRED!  
THAT COULD BE THE  
STRONGROOM!



CAL MADE HIS INTENTIONS CLEAR TO THE TOUGH  
SCOTSMAN AND TOGETHER THEY HEAVED AT THE  
LARGE DOOR. FOR A FEW MOMENTS IT HELD...



THEN, SUDDENLY, IT GAVE WAY. IMMEDIATELY, THE TWO MEN RECOILED IN HORROR, FOR THERE FLOATING TOWARDS THEM, IN A GREAT BUBBLE OF TRAPPED AIR, WAS A SKELETON. THE GHASTLY REMAINS OF THE MASTER OF THE "SAN CRISTOBEL"



ONCE RELEASED FROM THE AIRTIGHT ROOM, THE BUBBLE BURST BY THE WEIGHT OF WATER PRESSURE. THE SKELETON FLOATED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CABIN.



IT TOOK THE TWO MEN SEVERAL MOMENTS TO RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK OF THE MACABRE DISCOVERY...



WITH GROWING TENSION AND EXCITEMENT, CAL AND JOCK HEAVED AT THE LID OF THE LARGE CHEST...



BUT AS THE TWO MEN STARTED TO LEAVE THE WRECK, THE WHOLE HULK SHOOK VIOLENTLY, AS IF IT HAD BEEN HIT BY AN EXPLOSION...



THE BEAM STRUCK CAL ACROSS THE CHEST AND PINNED HIM TO WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE DECK...

I MUST  
DRAG HIM  
CLEAR...



IT WAS AGONISING  
MOMENTS BEFORE JOCK  
MANAGED TO FREE CAL.



COME ON,  
SMUDGE,  
LADDIE! GET  
US OUT OF  
HERE!

THEY ROSE SWIFTLY TO THE SURFACE. WHEN HIS HEAD BROKE THE WAVES, ANOTHER SHOCK WAS IN STORE FOR THE SCOT...

RICHLINDER!  
THE SWINE, HE'S  
FOLLOWED US - AND  
HE'S GOT SMUDGE!



A LAUNCH PICKED UP JOCK AND CAL AND TOOK THEM ABOARD THE "MIDAS", JUST AS CAL RECOVERED HIS SENSES...

YOU ARE A HARD-HEADED  
FOOL, McNEE! I OFFERED YOU A  
PARTNERSHIP - NOW YOU SHALL GET  
NOTHING! THE GOLD  
SHALL ALL BE MINE!

**YOU'RE  
A MANIAC,  
RICHLINDER!**

**NOW, IF YOU DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO THE BOY, YOU'LL TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU'VE FOUND IN THE WRECK!**

FOR A MOMENT, CAL SAID NOTHING AS HE WEIGHED THEIR CHANCES. RICHLINDER'S HAND SLASHED DOWN...

**SPEAK,  
McNEE — OR  
D'YOU WANT  
US TO GO TO  
WORK ON THE  
BOY?**

UGH !

CAL REALISED HE HAD NO CHOICE.

ALL RIGHT,  
IT'S DOWN THERE -  
A LARGE CHEST! BUT  
WE HAVEN'T OPENED  
IT YET!



A WORD FROM RICHLINDER AND HIS FROGMEN WENT  
OVER THE SIDE...

I'M  
NOT AN  
UNREASONABLE  
MAN, MCNEE!  
YOU SHALL BE  
THE FIRST TO  
OPEN THE CHEST  
WHEN MY MEN  
RECOVER  
IT!

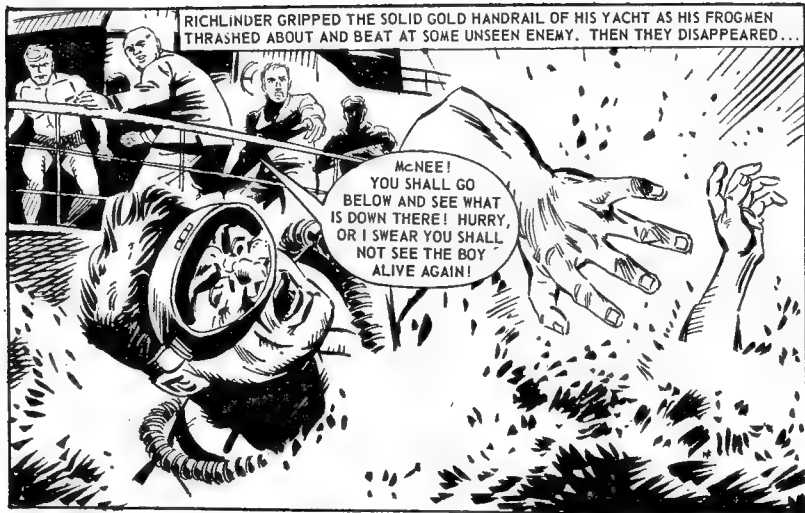


SUDDENLY, THE WATER WAS CHURNED TO FOAM A FEW YARDS FROM THE YACHT - AND TWO OR THREE  
FROGMEN APPEARED, SWIMMING FRANTICALLY TOWARDS THE "MIDAS".

BLITZEN!  
WHAT IS  
HAPPENING?

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
IN THE WATER  
THERE - SOME-  
THING BIG!





SMUDGE PUSHED PAST THE GUARDS...



CAL ENTERED THE WATER, NOW CALM AGAIN. HE WAS TWENTY FEET DOWN BEFORE HE SAW WHAT HAD KILLED RICHLINDER'S MEN...





THEN, SUDDENLY, CAL'S BLOOD TURNED TO ICE. THE CREATURE, WARNED OF HIS PRESENCE BY SOME STRANGE INSTINCT, TURNED...

IT'S  
SEEN ME!  
I DON'T STAND A  
CHANCE OF  
SURFACING! THE  
WRECK - I MIGHT BE  
ABLE TO HIDE  
THERE!

THE MIGHTY TAIL MISSED CAL BY A FRACTION OF  
AN INCH AS HE DIVED FOR THE "SAN CRISTOBEL"...

IT LOOKS  
AS IF SHUDGE  
WAS RIGHT ABOUT  
HIS SEA-GOD -  
ONLY THE CREATURE  
IS NO MYTH -  
IT'S FOR  
REAL!

CAL REACHED THE ROTTING HULK A MOMENT BEFORE CRUSHING JAWS SNAPPED SHUT...



THE CREATURE HOVERED ABOVE THE WRECK FOR TWENTY MINUTES - MINUTES THAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY.



CAL HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE WHEN A SHOCK WAVE HIT THE WRECK. THE WHOLE OF THE HULK MOVED AS CAL WAS SWEEPED ASIDE BY THE FORCE OF THE CONCUSSION...



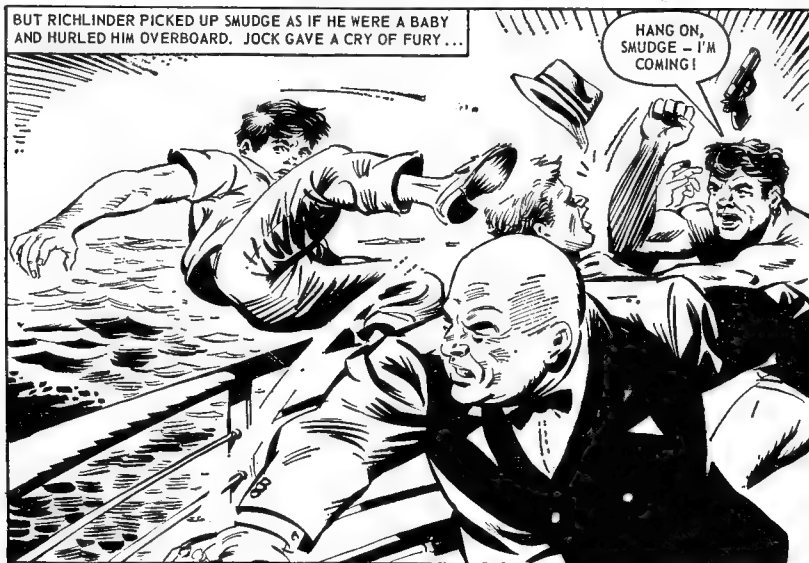
ABOVE, RICHLINDER HAD GROWN IMPATIENT. HE HAD ORDERED DEPTH CHARGES TO BE DROPPED INTO THE SEA...



IN A FURY OF GRIEF AND ANGER, SMUDGE LEAPT AT THE FAT AUSTRIAN...



BUT RICHLINDER PICKED UP SMUDGE AS IF HE WERE A BABY AND HURLED HIM OVERBOARD. JOCK GAVE A CRY OF FURY...



MEANWHILE, CAL WAS FIGHTING HIS OWN DESPERATE BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL FOR THE SHOCK OF THE DEPTH CHARGES HAD MOVED THE GALLEON...



BUT THE CREATURE, HURT BY THE PRESSURE OF THE EXPLODING CHARGES, WAS MOVING UPWARDS AND AWAY FROM HIM TOWARDS THE SURFACE...



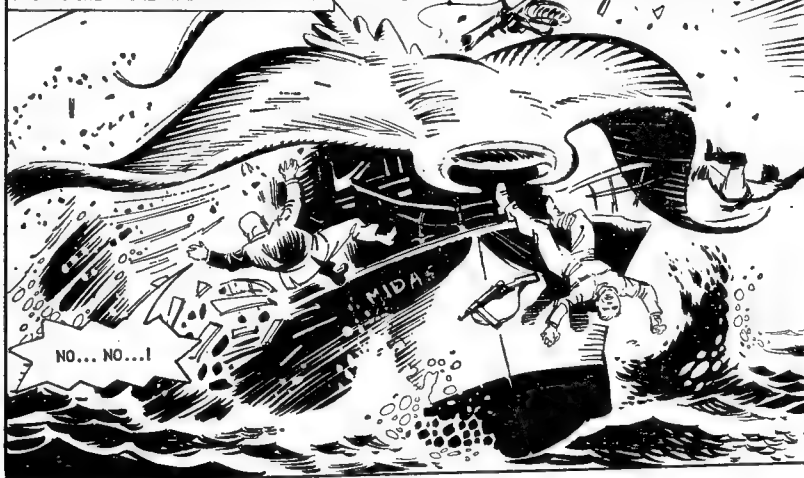
CAL SURFACED IN TIME TO SEE THE ENORMOUS MANTA RAY LEAP FROM THE WATER...



FOR HORRIFIED SECONDS, RICHLINDER AND HIS MEN WERE PARALYSED WITH FRIGHT - AND THEN...



WITH A CRASH LIKE AN EXPLODING BOMB, THE MANTA LANDED ON TOP OF THE "MIDAS". ITS WINGS CRUSHED THE SUPERSTRUCTURE AS THOUGH IT WERE MADE OF MATCHWOOD - AND RICHLINDER AND HIS CREW WERE WIPED OUT TO A MAN.

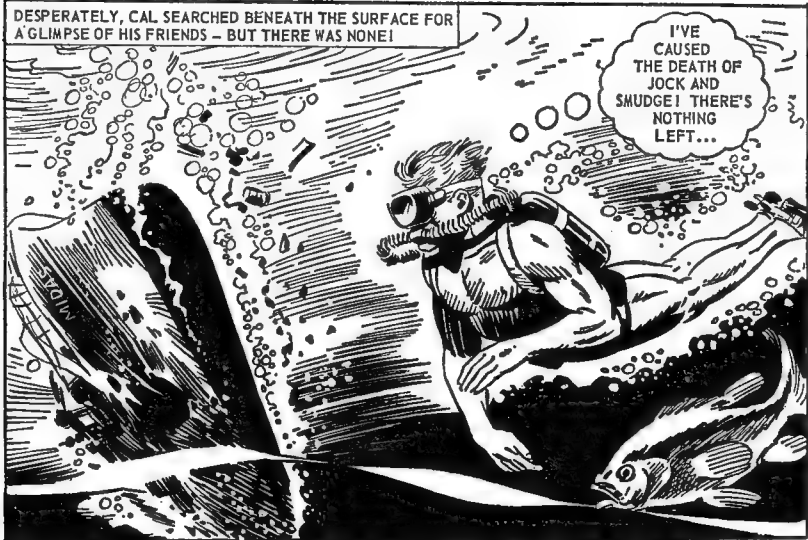


CAL STARED AGHAST AS THE RAY SLID BACK INTO THE WATER AND DISAPPEARED. THE WRECK OF THE "MIDAS" FOLLOWED IT...



DESPERATELY, CAL SEARCHED BENEATH THE SURFACE FOR A GLIMPSE OF HIS FRIENDS - BUT THERE WAS NONE!

I'VE  
CAUSED  
THE DEATH OF  
JOCK AND  
SMUDGE! THERE'S  
NOTHING  
LEFT...



LACK OF AIR FORCED HIM TO SURFACE AGAIN - AND AT ONCE HE HEARD THE ROAR OF AN ENGINE...

THE "SHARK"! I'D FORGOTTEN HER! BUT WHO'S ABOARD? MAYBE SOME OF RICHLINDER'S MEN SURVIVED - MAYBE...?





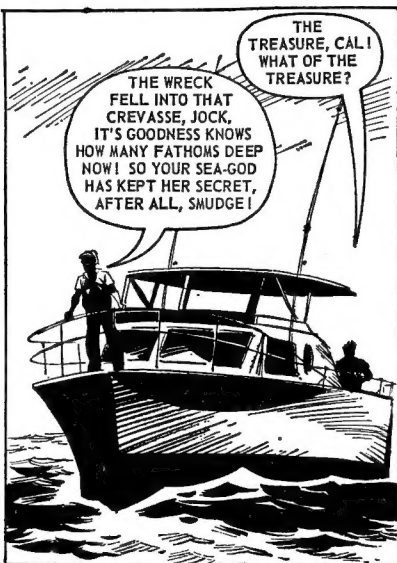
HIS QUESTIONS WERE SOON ANSWERED — BY THE BEAMING FACES OF SMUDGE AND JOCK!



THE "SHARK" GOT UNDER WAY, HEADING AWAY FROM THAT SCENE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

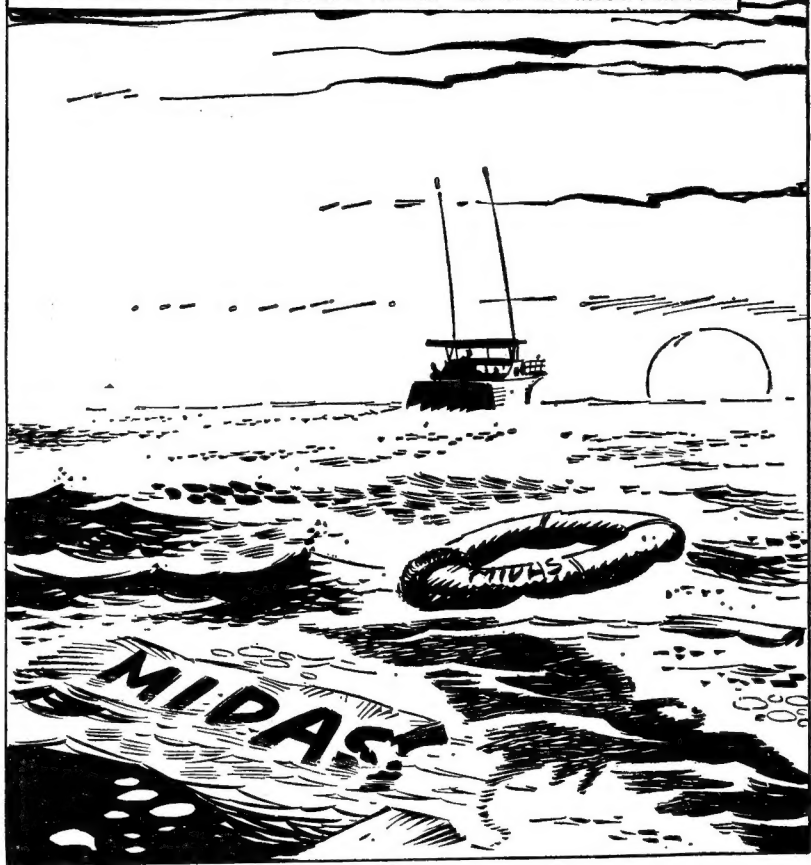


THE SEA-GOD  
CAME UP FROM THE  
SEA TO PROTECT US.  
I NOT BELIEVE  
SHE KILL MISTER  
CAL, TOO!



THE  
TREASURE, CAL!  
WHAT OF THE  
TREASURE?

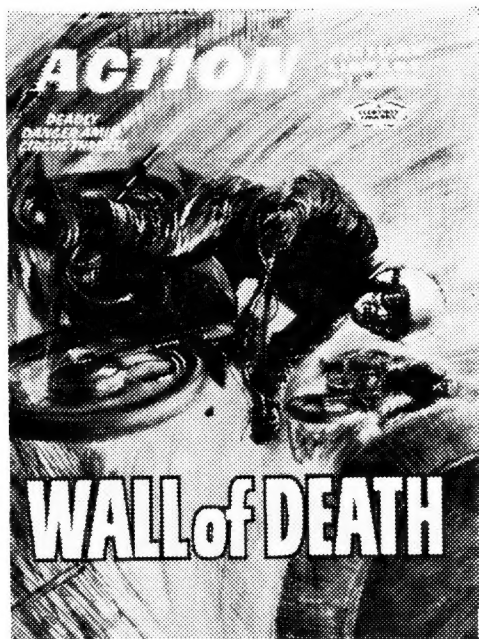
THEY MADE FULL SPEED FOR SANTA MINGO. THERE, CAL McNEE WOULD LOOK FOR ANOTHER RICH CLIENT WHO WANTED TO BE TAKEN SHARK FISHING. BUT NOTHING WOULD EVER BE SO EXCITING OR PERILOUS AS CAL'S CLASH WITH THE TERROR OF THE DEEP —AND THE GOLD-HUNGRY RICHLINDER.



Published in England by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.  
 Printed by Fleetway Printers, 17 Sumner Street, London, S.E.1. Subscription Rates: £1.14.0 for 24 numbers, 17s. for 12 numbers. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi, Kingstons, Ltd. ACTION PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.  
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